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# HIGHLANDERS! FIX BAYONETS!

Poem by  
WILLIAM J. PITTS

Music by  
GEOFFREY O'HARA

Piano

*f* Bugle call

Voice

Mark the quiv - er a -  
A brok - en cause and a

long the line; ——— See the fire - tipped wea - pons shine; —  
wast - ed land; ——— An Em - pire sunk like a house of sand; —

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There's a might-y din, — but a - bove it all, — The com -  
 But the pi-broch screams — like an ang - ry thing, — And the

mand rings out, a clar - ion call:  
 ris - ing war notes seem to sing:

Bugle call

*ad lib: Spoken as word of command*

High-land-ers — Fix bay-o - nets!  
 High-land-ers — Fix bay-o - nets!

Rat-tle of blade on ri-fle steel

Piccolo

Flash-ing of fire as the muz-zles feel The

grip of that fierce un-bro-ken clasp,

Ter-ror of death in that grind-ing rasp.

*p* Look to the hills, the conquering foe, *mp* Are crouch-ing a - gain for an -

*f cresc.* oth - er blow, But see the rush of a hun - dred clans:

*cresc.* *e* *rall.* Charge as you did at Pres-ton - pans. *ff* High-land - ers - Fix

<sup>1</sup> bay-o - nets! - <sup>2</sup> bay-o - nets.